

The American Patriots began writing the "Songs of '76," some years previous to the Declaration of Independence. The following was written in 1765, by Peter St. John, a school-master of Norwalk, Conn., his native town. It was very popular, and some time after Burgoyne's surrender, the author republished it with the addition of fifteen new stanzas, which we omit because they weakened its original force.

TAXATION OF AMERICA.

While I relate my story,
Americans give ear,
Of Britain's fading glory
You presently shall hear;
I'll give a true relation,
Attend to what I say
Concerning the taxation
Of North America.

The cruel lords of Britain,
Who glory in their shame,
The project they have hit on
They joyfully proclaim;
'Tis what they're striving after,
Our right to take away,
And rob us of our charter
In North America.

There are two mighty speakers
Who rule in parliament;
Who ever have been seekers
Some mischief to invent;
'Twas North, and Bute his father,
The horrid plan did lay
A mighty tax to gather
In North America.

They searched the gloomy regions
Of the infernal pit,
To find among their legions
One who excelled in wit;
To ask of him assistance,
Or tell them how they may
Subdue without resistance
This North America.

Old Satan, the arch traitor,
Who rules the burning lake
Where he's chief navigator,
Resolved a voyage to take;
For the Britanic ocean
He launches fast away,
To land he had no notion
In North America.

He takes his seat in Britain,
It was his soul's intent
Great George's throne to sit on,
And rule the parliament;
His comrades were pursuing
A diabolic way,
For to complete the ruin
Of North America.

These subtle arch-combners
Addressed the British Court;
All three were undersingers
Of this hell-made report;
'Twas there a pleasant landscape
That lieth far away,
Beyond the wide Atlantic,
In North America.

There is a wealthy people,
Who sojourn in that land,
Their churches all with steeples
Most delicately stand;
Their houses like the gilly,
Are painted red and gay;
They flourish like the lily,
In North America.

"Their land with milk and honey
Continually doth flow,
The want of food or money
They seldom ever know;
They heap up golden treasure,
They have no debts to pay,
They spend their time in pleasure
In North America.

"With gold and silver laces
They do themselves adorn,
The rubies deck their faces,
Refrugal as the morn;
Wine sparkles in their glasses,
They spend each happy day
In merriment and dances,
In North America.

"Let not our suit affront you,
When we address your throne;
Oh King, this wealthy country
And subjects are your own,
And you, their rightful sovereign,
They truly must obey,
You have a right to govern
This North America.

Oh King, you've heard the sequel
Of what we now subscribe;
Is it not just and equal
To tax this wealthy tribe?
The question being asked,
His majesty did say:
'My subjects shall be taxed
In North America;

Invested with a warrant,
My publicans shall go,
The tenth of all their current
They surely shall bestow;
If they indulge rebellion,
Or from my precepts stray,
I'll send my war battalion
To North America.

I'll rally all my forces
By water and by land,
My light dragoons and horses
Shall go at my command;
I'll burn both town and city,
With smoke besodden the day;
I'll show no human pity
For North America."

Oh George! you are distracted;
You'll by experience find
The laws you have enacted
Are of the blackest kind.
I'll make a short digression,
And tell you by the way,
We fear not your oppression,
In North America.

To what you have commanded
We never will consent,
Although your troops are landed
Upon our continent;
We'll take our swords and muskets
And march in dread array,
And drive the British red-coats
From North America.

THE MISDEEDS OF A NIGHT.

The district school in the village of Hollythorn was taught by Miss Eva Stanley, who "boarded around" among the scholars, and was considered the paragon of teachers.

The last week previous to the holiday vacation she had been boarding with a Mrs. Carpenter, who was making gigantic preparations for guests she expected from New York.

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

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"You never met my brothers, Eva," she said. "There's Sam, and George, and Johnny, the youngest, and such times as they have when they get out here and rusticate, as they call it! But, dear me, I don't get much rest or peace, for they are like a lot of boys let out of school."

"The last time they visited me together, John and Sam actually cut a pane of glass from the window, and pelted George out of my best bed with snow!" "You see there is always a regular strife for that particular room, for the bed is a spring one, and they say they don't sleep on any other in the city. But they don't get it this time, that's certain, for I intend to give you that room, and so end the controversy."

"I had just as soon occupy some other room, Mrs. Carpenter, and do not wish to inconvenience your brothers."

"No you shan't, Eva," peremptorily exclaimed her hostess; "and what is the use of your going home vacation week? You can stay here just as well as not, and do your sewing on my machine."

The subject was dropped, and the entire household retired early, for on the morrow the brothers, young, ardent, and full of life, were to be there. But without sending any word of their intention they had concluded to take the train, which would land them at Hollythorn about bedtime. George and John did so, and, when seated in the cars, began to speculate upon the absence of Sam, and accordingly when the train reached Hollythorn, about 11 o'clock, they approached the house of their sister in a very stealthy manner.

Climbing the fence in the rear, they softly opened the window and obtained access to the pantry, where they demolished a mince pie and a quantity of doughnuts. Then, with appetites appeased, they removed their boots and prepared to investigate the "best room," stole along the hall, which was dimly lighted by the moon, ascended the stairs, and reached the door. The faint rays of the moon disclosed a chair piled with clothing, and they could distinctly trace the outlines of a form beneath the bedclothes. A few whispered words were exchanged, and then, as lightly as if shod with down, they drew near.

"All ready!" whispered George. Quick as thought they seized upon the form of the sleeper, bedclothes and all, bore it swiftly down the stairs, and out into the snow, and were about to deposit it into a huge drift, when a shrill scream broke the stillness of the night, and oh! horror—it was that of a woman! And in their consternation, they dropped their burden plump into the middle of the drift.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed George, "it isn't Sam, but some woman, as I am a sinner, and she has fainted. Run and call Hannah."

With admirable presence of mind he lifted the limp form of Eva Stanley and carried her into the house. But her cry had already been heard, and the inmates came rushing into the hall just as he appeared.

"George! John! for goodness sake what does this mean, and who have you there?" asked Mrs. Carpenter in a breath.

"Blessed if I know," began George; "thought it was Sam, so we concluded to give him a douse in the snow for getting into the best bed and trying to enslave us. Quick! I believe she has fainted."

"Just like you," scolded Hannah, as she assisted in depositing Eva once more on the bed from which she had been so unceremoniously taken; "beginning your tricks upon each other before you are fairly into the house. Clear out now!"

Long before she had finished her tirade, her brothers had betaken themselves down stairs, where they went into hysterics over the joke.

"A pretty kettle of fish," said George, rolling over on the floor and letting off peal after peal of laughter.

"I should think it was," replied John, holding his sides. "Oh, my! But what is to be done about it; and who do you suppose she is, George?"

"Some guest of Hannah's, of course, and young and pretty at that. I don't know how it is with you, but I feel particularly small, and cheap—would sell myself at a very low price."

"Cheap," roared John; "cheap! I would actually give myself away this blessed minute, and throw something in to boot. What are we to do! I can't say. I believe I shall dig out of this place and get back to the city before morning. I haven't got the courage to face the music."

He began hastily putting on his boots, and would have put his threat into execution but for the appearance of Hannah who at once asserted her authority.

"You are not going a single step, John; I don't wonder you feel ashamed of yourselves. What on earth possessed you is more than I can tell."

"That's right, Han; pitch in, scold away; I'll take any amount of talking just now. I am as meek as a lamb. But who is it we've played so shabby a trick on?" replied George.

"Trick! I should think it was. Why it is Eva Stanley, our school teacher, and this is her week to board here. I don't believe the poor girl will ever get over her fright. It is too bad; I shouldn't

wonder if she had taken her death being dragged out of a warm bed this time of night and dropped into a snow-drift in that fashion. No wonder she cried, poor thing."

"Cried, did she?" repeated George, with a groan.

"I should think she did. I just took her in my arms and let her have her cry out, while I explained how she happened to be mistaken for Sam and became the victim of your mad pranks."

"That was neat in you, Han," said George. "I am awful glad you hugged the poor little thing. Wish you had given her a brotherly squeeze for me—upon my honor I do."

"And how on earth do you expect us to stay and take the consequences?" asked John, beginning to look serious.

"I am for taking myself off instantaneously. I had rather face a masked battery than this pretty school teacher, after making such fools of ourselves."

"I don't care if you had," answered his sister indignantly. "The only way to do is to brave it out, both of you, and apologize for your rudeness."

"But Sam! How the deuce are we to get along with him? You know well enough, Han, we shall never hear the last of it from him."

"If you two can keep the secret, I'll find a way to silence Bridget, and it is a subject Eva will not care to have discussed, and fortunately my husband is away from home. So go to bed and rest contented."

She showed them to the bed she had intended them to occupy, and soon the house was once more hushed in slumber.

Meanwhile, their brother Sam had reached the depot a few minutes too late. He found the train he was to have taken already gone, but on consulting a time-table he found that another train started two hours later, and so decided to take it. He figured to himself, as he impatiently crowded into an empty seat and was being whirled along at a rapid rate, how snugly his brothers had encoined themselves in the best bed, which by right belonged to him, he being the oldest, and consummated a plan to get even with them.

Some time after midnight he was deposited in Hollythorn, and reaching his sister's house he scouted around until he found a way of entrance into the kitchen, where he deposited his baggage and removed his boots. Then he quietly stole up stairs and opened the door of the best room. "Sure enough," thought he, "my fine chaps, you are in clover!" for there were not to be mistaken signs of the room being occupied.

To think of coping with their united strength by dragging them forth was not practicable, but there stood the pitcher of water, and he knew that a good dousing with the icy fluid would bring them out quick enough.

He lifted the pitcher, approached the bed, raised it and suddenly dashed the contents upon the sleeper.

Such a torrent of screams as he had never before heard rang through the house and before Sam could collect his scattered senses, the door opened, and Hannah, George and John rushed in, clothed in scanty apparel—Hannah with a frightened look on her face and a lamp in her hand that revealed the entire scene.

There, sitting up in bed, with her hair dripping like a mermaid, her night-dress deluged, her face colorless, and looking terrified, was the young school mistress; and there was Sam with the empty pitcher in his hand the very picture of imbecility, staring around like an idiot at the havoc he had made. Hannah, George, and John instantly understood the situation; and the latter at the command of their sister, dragged Sam away, while she assisted the drenched and terrified girl to dry clothing, and then took her to own room and bed, explaining, for the second time the mishap of the night.

"I'll keep you with me now, my poor child," she said, though with difficulty keeping back her laughter. "These boys are nicely come up with, at any rate; and if it wasn't for your being so terribly frightened, and the way my best bed has been used, I wouldn't care. But you are safe now."

Hannah kissed her charge, and went down to see the boys, who, as soon as they were fairly shut into the regions below, began to appreciate the joke; and, now that Sam was as deep in the mud as they were in the mire, gave no quarter.

"I'll be blamed if I know what it means," said Sam, looking in confusion at his brothers, who were rolling and kicking in convulsions of laughter.

"Means?" said George, holding his sides. "It means that you have stolen like a thief into Miss Eva Stanley's bed-chamber, who is a young lady teacher boarding here; and thinking it was your humble servant and Johnny snuggled in bed, you attempted to drown us out, and made a grand mistake. How do you like it Sam?"

"I confess I see the point but I can't see the joke. It's a most outrageous shame."

At this juncture Hannah came in and began rating them soundly, thereby letting out the whole story. It was Sam's turn to laugh.

Miss Eva was not visible the next morning and Hannah announced that

she was sick with a severe cold. Hannah had her unruly crew under her thumb for once in her life, and had the satisfaction of seeing them behave with some dignity. They appeared never to forget that there was an invalid in the house, and went on tiptoe about Sam, who seemed to take the entire responsibility upon his own shoulders, sent off slyly to New York for choice fruit and flowers, which he induced his sister to convey to the young lady with the most abject apologies and regrets.

In a couple of days Eva was able to come down stairs. She was looking quite pale, but lovely, and of course divinely, when presented by Mrs. Carpenter to the three brothers, who behaved quite well considering the unpleasantness of their situation.

But Sam, who had broken the ice by the means of his presents, was most at ease, and by virtue of his age and experience constituted himself the proprietor, and was constantly on hand to offer Miss Eva a thousand nameless attentions; and before the week was out John declared that "Sam was done for!"

"Gone under completely!" echoed George with one of his dismal groans.

Hannah, singing Eva's praises, commended Sam's choice, and recommended marriage in all of them as the only sobering process she was acquainted with. It is a piece of advice, however, that they did not appear inclined to follow, notwithstanding Sam's happy lot with the pretty school mistress of Hollythorn.

She often reminds her brothers-in-law of her unceremonious introduction to a snowdrift at the dead of night, and they retaliate with the shower-bath given her by Sam.

A Skillful Ventriloquist.

The gallant Francis L., of France, had an equally gallant and very shrewd valet de chambre, of the name of Louis Brabant, who was also a most skillful ventriloquist. Louis Brabant had the misfortune to fall desperately in love with a young, very beautiful, and very wealthy heiress, whose father forbade his address in consequence of the disparity of his condition. The father, however, died soon after, and the courageous lover, unsubdued by a first repulse, was determined to try his fortune a second time, under favor of the new state of circumstances, and to see whether it would not be possible, upon a severe push, to call to his aid the art of ventriloquism, in which he was so considerably an adept.

He accordingly waited on the mother as soon as decency would allow, and once more submitted his proposals. But, faithful to the views of her deceased husband, the mother of the young lady made no scruple of once more giving Louis Brabant a direct refusal. While, however, she was in the act of doing so, a low, hollow, sepulchral voice was heard by herself, and by every friend who was with her, and which was instantly recognized as the voice of the deceased, commanding her to give her daughter's hand immediately to Louis Brabant, whom the piteous spirit affirmed he now knew to be a most worthy and excellent man, and considerably wealthier than he had taken him to be when alive; adding, at the same time, that he was at that moment suffering part of the pains of purgatory for having ill-treated, by his refusal, so exemplary a man, and that he would not be released from them till his widow had consented.

All was mute astonishment; but Louis Brabant appeared more astonished than the rest. He modestly observed, that whatever his merits or his abilities might be, he had no idea that they were worthy of being commemorated by a voice from the grave; but that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to be made the happy instrument of extricating the old gentleman from the pains of purgatory, which it seemed he was suffering on his account. There was no doubt as to the voice; and, consequently, there was no doubt as to the course to be pursued; the mother, the daughter, the whole family, immediately assented with one accord, and Louis Brabant had the honor to receive their commands to prepare for the nuptials with all possible speed.

To prepare for the nuptials, however, required the assistance of a little ready money; but Louis Brabant was destitute of such an article. It was necessary, nevertheless, to procure it; and he now resolved to try whether the same talent which had obtained for him the promise of a wife, might not also obtain for him the material of which he stood in need.

He recollected at Lyons an old miserly banker, of the name of Cornu, who had accumulated immense wealth by usury and extortion, and whose conscience appeared often to be ill at ease, in consequence of the means he had made use of; and it immediately struck him that M. Cornu was the very character that might answer his purpose. To Lyons, therefore, he went post-haste, commenced an immediate acquaintance with M. Cornu, and on every interval took especial care, on entering into conversation with him, to contrast the pure happiness enjoyed by the man whose conscience could look back, like M. Cornu's, as he was pleased to say, on a life devoted to acts of char-

ity and benevolence, with the horrors of the wretch who had amassed heaps of wealth by usury and injustice, and whose tormented mind only gave him a foretaste of what he was to expect hereafter. The miser was perpetually desirous of changing the conversation; but the more he tried, the more his companion pressed him with it; till finding, on one occasion, that he appeared more agitated than ever, the ventriloquist conceived such an occasion to be the golden moment for putting his scheme into execution; and at that instant a low, solemn, sepulchral mutter was heard, as in the former case, which was at last found to be the voice of M. Cornu's father, who had been dead for some years, and which declared him to have passed all this time in the tortures of purgatory, from which he had now just learned that nothing could free him but his son's paying ten thousand crowns into the hands of Louis Brabant, then with him, for the purpose of redeeming Christian slaves from the hands of the Turks.

All, as in the last case, was unutterable astonishment; but Louis Brabant was the most astonished of the two. He modestly declared that now, for the first time in his life, he was convinced of the possibility of the dead holding conversation with the living; and admitted that, in truth, he had for many years been benevolently employed in redeeming Christian slaves from the Turks, although his native bashfulness would not allow him to avow it publicly.

The mind of the old miser was distracted with a thousand contending passions. He was suspicious without having any satisfactory reason for suspicion; filial duty prompted him to rescue his father from his abode of misery; but ten thousand crowns was a large sum even for such a purpose. He at length resolved to adjourn the meeting till the next day, and to change it to another place. He required time to examine into this mysterious affair; and also wished, as he told his companion, to give his father an opportunity of trying whether he could bargain for a smaller sum.

They accordingly separated; but renewed their meeting the next day with the punctuality of men of business. The place made choice of by M. Cornu for the rencontre, was an open common in the vicinity of Lyons, where there was neither a house, nor a hall, nor a tree, nor a bush that could conceal a confederate, even if such a person should be in employment. No sooner, however, had they met than the old banker's ears were again assailed with the same hideous and sepulchral cries, upbraiding him for having suffered his father to remain for four and twenty hours longer in all the tortures of purgatory, declaring that, unless the demand of the ten thousand crowns was instantly complied with, the sum would be doubled, and that the miser himself would be condemned to the same doleful regions, and to an increased degree of torture. M. Cornu moved a few paces forward, but he was assailed with still louder shrieks; he advanced a second time, and now, instead of hearing his father's voice alone, he was assailed with the dreadful outcry of a hundred ghosts at once—those of his grandfather, his uncles and aunts, and the whole family of the Cornus for the last two or three generations; who, it seems, were all equally suffering in purgatory, and were included in the general contract for the ten thousand crowns; all of them beseeching him in the name of every saint in the calendar to have mercy upon them, and to have mercy upon himself. It required more fortitude than M. Cornu possessed to resist the threats and outcries of a hundred and fifty or two hundred ghosts at a time. He instantly paid the ten thousand crowns into the hands of Louis Brabant, and felt some pleasure that, by postponing the payment for a day, he had at least been able to rescue the whole family of the Cornus for the same sum of money as was first demanded for his father alone. The dexterous ventriloquist, having received the money, instantly returned to Paris, married his intended bride, and told the whole story to his Sovereign and the Court, very much to the entertainment of all of them.

George Muller, whose orphan asylum and other charitable institutions, in England are supported by unsolicited contributions—the direct result of prayer, he says—began his ministry forty years ago in Devonshire, on a small salary. His story about himself is that he soon became convinced that whatever he should ask of God, rightfully, he would literally receive. He relinquished his salary, resolved never to make his wants known to man, and began to pray for the money with which to do good. Since then he has received \$3,085,000, the annual average during the last six years being about \$200,000. He has 180 missionary schools at work and many religious schools in operation. Disbelievers in his theory cite the fact that his printed reports, in which the statement is conspicuously made that he relies wholly upon prayer for money, are plentifully distributed to charitable people. He is seventy years old.

The Highwayman's Reward.

In 1769 a gentleman was passing over Point Neuf, Paris, one night with a lantern. A man went up to him and said—

"Read this paper."
He held up his lantern and read as follows:

"Speak not a word when you've this read,
Or in an instant you'll be dead!
Give me your money watch and rings,
With other valuable things—
Then quick, in silence, you depart,
Or I, with knife, will cleave your heart!"

Not being a man of much pluck, the affrighted gentleman gave up his watch and money, and ran off. He soon gave the alarm and the highwayman was arrested.

"What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the magistrate before whom the robber was ushered.

"That I am not guilty of robbery, though I took the watch and money."

"Why are you not guilty?" asked the magistrate.

"Simply because I can neither read nor write. I picked up the paper just at the moment I met this gentleman with a lantern. Thinking it might be of some value, I politely asked him to read it for me. He complied with my request, and presently handed me his watch and purse, and then ran off. I supposed the paper to be of great value to him, and that he thus liberally rewarded me for finding it. He gave me no time to return thanks, which out of politeness, I was ready to perform."

The gentleman accepted the plea, and withdrew his complaint.

No Gloves, No Wedding.

Pleasant Valley township, Iowa, has developed an uncommonly punctilious young lady. Her wedding day was set, and her father's house was thronged with seventy guests. The preacher was there with his book. The bride swept into the midst of the company in gorgeous attire. The groom and his friends were there on time, and the hour was five o'clock in the afternoon. It was now first discovered that the groom had forgotten to provide himself with a pair of gloves. What was to be done? The town was a long way off, and the night was growing dark, and the roads were bad. The groom's next friend offered to lend him the lacking attire, but he nobly refused to appear in borrowed "togger." He was willing to take time by the forelock, and be married without gloves. The bride positively refused to be married without gloves. Two of the bride's brothers mounted fleet steeds and galloped to town through a storm of mud to buy a pair of gloves. About midnight the gloves came. No matter if they were too small, they were regulation white kids, and that was enough to satisfy the whimsical belle. She was married.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Astrological Predictions for 1876.

Zadkiel's Almanac, a singular London publication which has reached its forty-sixth edition, makes some startling astrological prophecies for the present year.

In one of the diagrams there is a direful array of contending armies, with a background of coffins; there is also a theatre on fire, with a grizzly skeleton brandishing a death-like javelin and a flag somewhat resembling the stars and stripes.

In another compartment there is a lion walking on its hind legs, with a sword in its mouth. In January ultramontane intrigue is to be in the ascendant in England. A warlike disposition is to animate the Germans. The peace of England, Germany and Denmark is to be threatened.

During February the same nations are to be in trouble, while Spain enjoys a temporary lull. March is to see the people of Ireland stirred up. April will be bad for Spain and Portugal. A conflagration will rage in London about the 12th or 19th of the month.

May is to be bad for people born, on or near the 28th. June is to be prosperous, but people born near the 27th of February and the first of September must look out for their health. In July the Prince of Wales is to be lucky. On the 14th of that month marriageable young ladies will receive advantageous offers. August is to be a sad month for earthquakes and storms. France and Italy are to be shaken. September will threaten England with cause for grief. October promises peace for Spain. November, good fortune for the King of Italy. Mariners born near the 16th or 23d will be in danger from the sea. December threatens a conflagration in Dublin, but Spain is to be all right. Nothing about the United States, so that people may keep their minds easy. "Zadkiel" has evidently forgotten us, and no news is good news.—*Yankee Blade.*

Seek not the favor of the multitude; it is seldom got by honest and lawful means. But seek the testimony of few; and number not voices, but weigh them.

The sweetest book in all the world, if properly read, is the Bible. Its leaves are as fragrant as a bed of violets in full bloom. Read formally, read simply from habit, or read by one who seeks to bolster up preconceived notions, little good can come to one from the reading. But if the soul of the reader hungers after truth pure and simple; if the heart receives its promises lovingly, as one receives the kiss of affection; if the mind regards its statements reverentially, it becomes to one who reads it, the book of books. To appreciate it, you must read it not as a student, but as a worshiper; not as a scholar merely, but as a disciple. We read it once with the help of commentaries and because of the light it could throw upon our system of theology. We have outgrown, thank God, that way of reading it, and we read it now as a book able to explain itself for itself alone. We read it just as it is, and ask no wise man to tell us what it teaches us. Since we have treated it thus, there has sprung up between itself and ourselves, a perfect understanding. And what sweet communings we have together words may never tell. We may not be growing so rapidly in that wisdom which theologians prize, since we have risen into this way of reading it; but we are growing, as we feel, and rapidly too, in that wisdom which is pure and peaceable, and cometh down from above. We have a volume composed of the New Testament and the Psalms conjoining, large and clear of type and wreathed with saintliest memories, which in themselves would make the volume sacred. And this volume we read, not from any effort of will, but from a loving habit; and what strength, hope, peace, and inner light have come to us while we have held it and read it word for word, the good Father who gave it to us knows. We can not see how men can fight over it as they do; or how they can wrangle over the shading of its thoughts. To us the line of its proclamation is white and clear in its significance. It tells of a love too deep for human measurement, too tender for human explanation, too infinite ever to be exhausted. It is enough to know that that love is given us; and by it while on the earth we can be cheered and strengthened, and out of its resources the soul shall endlessly be fed. And we can say with the Psalmist, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—*Golden Rule.*

Living on Seven Cents a Day.

How to maintain a family upon a dollar a week is a bit of knowledge that may be useful to a good many people these times. A Philadelphia has been trying the experiment, and the result appears to be encouraging. His family consists of himself, wife and child. He first tried corn meal and found it insipid. Buckwheat, soon followed, and potatoes also failed to sustain bodily strength. The oat meal was tried, and at the expiration of two weeks, says the experimenter, "I found myself four and a quarter pounds heavier. My wife had gained three pounds, while the lad had gained over five pounds. Our food outfit for fourteen days was exactly \$2.80, or less than seven cents per day for each person. We are now pursuing the same course, with an occasional 'mixed-meal.' Accordingly, our Philadelphia economist pins his faith to oatmeal and rests content.

"Are you prepared to die?" asked a brother of a sad looking woman who was at one of the prayer meetings the other night.

"Wall, now, lemme see," she mused, "I've got the brown and cochineal and purple, but I've got to have some indigo—I've got to have some indigo," then turning to him she said: "Yes, sir, just as soon as I git a little indigo I'll be ready to drop the rags right in."

As the brother didn't know that her mind was on a rug carpet instead of religion, of course he was surprised.—*Pulton Times.*

It is said of Norbury that he would at any time rather lose a friend than a joke. On one occasion he began the sentence of death in this wise: "Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty by a jury of your own countrymen of the crime laid to your charge, and I must say that I entirely agree with the verdict for I see 'scondrel' written in your face." Here the prisoner interrupted with "That's a strong reflection—from your Lordship?" whereupon the judge, keenly appreciating the joke, commuted the sentence into transportation for seven years.

A Danbury couple have a nice little daughter of some five summers. A lady visitor observed to the mother, "What a pretty child you have! She must be a great comfort to you." "She is, indeed," said the fond mother. "When I'm mad at John I don't have to speak to him. She call him to his meals, and tells him to get the coal and other things that I want. She's real handy."

"My dears, I miss something or somebody, I can't tell what or who," said Jones to his children, as he sat down to tea the other night. "P'raps it mother," said little Bill, "she's gone over to Aunt Jane's to tea." The child was right. It was Mrs. Jones who was missed, and Jones said in continuance: "Well, let's have a quiet supper, then."

There was consternation at Verona, N. Y., a Sunday or two ago, when an old barnyard ram was found standing like an angel with a flaming sword, at the doorway of the Presbyterian church, butting fiercely at everybody who attempted to enter the sanctuary. Finally two of the brethren seized the intruder by the forelock, and returned him to his fold.

There are many of the greatest deeds done in the small struggles of life.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
PORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, FEB. 10, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

A Valuable Surprise Present.

Some time last fall some of the deaf-mute friends of the proprietor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL conceived and set in motion a plan for making up a birthday surprise gift to be presented on the occasion of our birthday anniversary which occurred on the fourteenth of December last. We were entirely in the dark in regard to what was going on in relation to the matter. The principal actors united in the agreement to purchase for the present an office desk in order to make the gift one of utility as well as ornament. In order to procure the means for carrying out their designs, friends who felt favorably disposed to assist in the movement, were invited to contribute accordingly to their inclinations. Active parties in the proceeding being widely separated, and for various reasons, it was found impracticable to present the surprise at the time of our birthday anniversary as it was originally intended, so that it could be on exhibition at the time of holding the deaf-mute festival which took place in our village the 29th of December last. When sufficient funds were subscribed and collected, Mr. S. A. Taber, of Scipio, N. Y., who had been appointed to take charge of the money—by Mr. C. H. Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y., who is on a winter's tour at the West with his wife—went to the Buffalo agency of the Wooten Desk Company, and there meeting Mr. Sidney H. Howard, of Arcade, N. Y., purchased a cabinet office secretary at \$90. The agent soon afterwards sent the order to the manufacturer, and the secretary was shipped for Mexico. Some time after it was sent from the shops, Mr. Taber, supposing that there had been sufficient time since its purchase for it to arrive, let us into the secret by a letter in which he referred to it. Otherwise the surprise was complete as that was the first intimation we had received from any source in relation to the present. From that time we watched for its arrival every day. A few days ago business called us to Albany and Rhinebeck. When we reached home Monday evening, the 31st ult., we were surprised upon entering our house to find that the secretary had arrived in good condition, and was already occupying its proper position. It was manufactured at the Wooten Desk Company's shops which are located in Indianapolis, Ind. It is in itself a guarantee of the mechanical skill and first class workmanship employed at their shops. It is designated as a number three—in size—cabinet office secretary. With the exceptions of the inside work it is constructed of solid black walnut, and for convenience in moving it is mounted on castors. The interior of the secretary is beautifully and economically arranged in convenient style with four drawers and almost a countless number of shelves and other receptacles in which may be deposited books, manuscripts, writing materials and many other articles. The double doors which open out to the right and left are each filled up in the inside with numerous pigeon-hole boxes for letters and similar articles. The essential desk portion of the structure is displayed for writing purposes by first opening the outside doors on the front part of the secretary, then lowering the inner hanging door which forms the desk. The writing desk is well finished and arranged for a sitting position. All of the inner compartments seem to have been made for useful purposes. The inside of the secretary contains the most useful of its constituent parts while the external portion displays the beautiful and ornamental. While we were greatly surprised at being the recipient of such an appropriate present and one of such an expensive style, we are sure that we lack the power of words to express our thanks for it in suitable language. Much praise is due

to Mr. S. A. Taber, Miss H. A. Avery, Mrs. G. J. Chandler, Mr. S. H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Cooper and others for the active part that they have taken in the surprise. To them and to all others who have contributed for the object, both deaf and dumb and hearing friends, we tender our spontaneous thanks. We shall prize the gift, both for its intrinsic worth, and for our cherished remembrance of the kind friends who presented the token.

Suspension of School at the New York Institution.

We learn that on account of the increase of sickness from typhoid fever the school at the New York Institution has been suspended from Jan. 26th till Mar. 1st. As yet we have heard of but seven fatal cases, but it is said that the hospital has upward of eighty patients who are afflicted with the same disease. The alarming rapidity with which the fever was spreading among the pupils made it necessary to temporarily suspend the school and let all who were well go to their homes. It is with feelings of deep regret that we are obliged to chronicle the alarming ravages of this ever-to-be-dreaded epidemic. It is sincerely hoped that its farther spreading will be checked, that the sick ones may soon recover, and that in due time school will again be opened, and the proper steps taken to prevent the recurrence of the calamity. P. S. Since we set the above in type, we have received information to the effect that there are about one hundred pupils remaining in the institution and that the school is kept up.

Western New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

The coming subject at present among those most deeply concerned in the matter is, shall Rochester have an institution for the education of deaf-mutes? Last Spring we published an editorial advocating the need of such an institution and showing some of the practical benefits which it would confer upon the deaf-mute residents of counties lying in the Western part of the State. The idea of a Western institution was not entirely original with us. It had been talked up some, but by giving publicity to the plan the ball was set in motion, and we are now pleased to see that prominent educators of the deaf and dumb and other interested parties are taking active steps to secure, if possible, the laudable object. Among those who are moving in that direction Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is one of the gentlemen who is "working up the case." A week ago to-day he visited the city of Rochester to consult some of the leading, interested and wealthy citizens of that place with a view of getting them engaged in the cause. If a sufficient amount of money can be raised by subscriptions to ensure the starting of the school, measures will be taken next winter to secure the co-operation of our Legislature and procure an appropriation of funds from the State Treasury toward supporting the school. We have not heard whether Dr. Gallaudet failed or succeeded in his mission. We know that all unbiased parties will comprehend the necessity of an additional school for the instruction of the present and rapidly increasing numbers of deaf-mute residents of the Empire State. The overcrowded condition of the New York Institution and the fact that the Central New York Institution is filled to its present capacity, with many pupils knocking at its doors for admission, both go far to convince a discerning public that another such institution can not too soon be provided. Whether or not the present shall prove an opportune season for inaugurating another school for deaf-mutes we know not, but one thing is morally certain, and it is a fixed fact that the time is near at hand when another institution will be an absolute necessity. Such institution will unquestionably be built in the Western part of the State. Wise will be the policy of the city that succeeds in having it located within her borders.

Photographs of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

While Dr. Gallaudet was in Rochester assisting to found a new institution for deaf-mutes in that city, his photograph was taken by Mr. J. H. Kent, No. 58 State street, to whom orders may be sent for the cabinet size, 50 cents; and for the cards, 25 cents.

Deaf-Mute and Speaking Teachers.

We publish in another column this week an article on the subject of deaf-mute teachers from Mr. J. H. Pettingill, teacher of the High Class at the New York Institution. We commend his article to our readers for the fairness with which he handles the subject. We fully endorse his views in the matter of employing deaf-mute teachers in all cases wherever it can be made practical. With the exception of the few hearing teachers by which every deaf-mute institution

should be represented, we claim that there are plenty of liberally educated, intelligent deaf-mutes well fitted for the position of teachers who would do honor to the profession and justice to their pupils. As Mr. Pettingill implies, it would be poor policy to employ deaf-mute teachers who are incapable of making good instructors for the deaf and dumb, nor would it be fair to raise an objection to their teaching simply because they happen to be deaf and dumb. But there is no need of employing second class teachers either of hearing or deaf-mute persons. To a certain extent it is positively necessary to have hearing teachers, and they should only be those who are the most capable, but the balance of the instructors should be selected from among the deaf-mutes, and they should be well educated and possess the talent and taste for imparting knowledge.

The Itinerizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Itinerizer.

Miss JENNIE L. LEACH, of New York, is visiting with Miss GRACE H. HASTINGS, at East Aurora, N. Y. On Wednesday, the 26th ult., Mr. S. H. Howard, of Arcade, N. Y., and Miss MARY HAZARD, of Buffalo, N. Y., took tea, by invitation, with them, and all had a merry time.

Mr. JAMES WHALEN, of Arcade, N. Y., has agreed to work for Mr. S. A. TABER for the coming season. He is said to be one of the best farm hands in Wyoming county, having worked in the forests of Minnesota and in Wisconsin three years ago. His brother MICHAEL struck for the forests of Michigan last November, and his folks recently heard that he had settled himself in Osego Lake, Osego county, Mich., as a painter and grainer, and proposed to start a new barber's shop, there being no such shop in that town.

The faithful old black charger, for ten years in the employ of Prof. Noyes, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, died suddenly from some unknown cause, last Friday night. He was apparently in his usual health when put in the stable in the evening.—Fairbault paper.

Mrs. WILLIAM ROBINSON, of Concord, N. H., has two deaf-mute children. The boy is nine years old and girl four. The former is said to be very mischievous, causing his mother much trouble, and a perfect pest to his little sister. Mrs. Robinson will feel a sense of relief when the boy is old enough to be sent to the Hartford Asylum for instruction.

Mr. THOMAS N. HEAD, a deaf-mute of Hooksett, N. H., butchered a hog the 17th of last month, which was fifteen months old and weighed 525 pounds. Has any deaf-mute beat that?

The Mute Journal of Nebraska, a monthly published at the Nebraska Deaf-mute Institution, is a neat and tasty paper of twenty-four columns. The type-setting and press work are done by the pupils of the institution, and the work will compare favorably with that of any other publication.

Mr. and Mrs. WM. P. HOPKINS, of Rensselaer, Ind., have lately subscribed for the JOURNAL. Mr. Hopkins was educated at the Ohio Deaf-mute Institution, and Mrs. H. at that of Indiana. His deafness was caused by falling down stairs when he was eleven months old. She lost her hearing by scarlet fever at the age of four years. Mr. H. has worked at a variety of trades, such as shoe-making, cabinet-work, boat building besides working in the car shops. He is now working at house carpentry. Last May they celebrated their crystal wedding and received numerous presents from their friends.

On the 3d inst., a business meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association was held in the basement of St. Ann's church, New York. The President, JOHN WYRCHIEF, appointed Messrs. McClellan, Bond and Wells as committee on library, and Messrs. Fitzgerald, McClellan, Bond, Russell, and Geo. Witschief committee on amusements.

Mr. JAMES S. WELLS, an old classmate of ours has obtained employment as a clerk in the office of the American School Agency of J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., in Bond St., New York. Aside from this, he renders Dr. GALLAUDET much assistance in the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

The Central New York Institution Bill Signed.

Special to the Journal.

ALBANY, Feb. 5.—Governor Tilden has signed the bill which was introduced in the Legislature in relation to the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

AGRIPIA.

A VALUABLE PRESENT.—It will be seen by a card in another column that H. C. Rider, Esq., editor and proprietor of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal, has been the recipient of quite a valuable present (a black walnut office secretary) from deaf-mutes and some hearing friends. It cost \$90 at manufacturers' prices, is quite large, admirably arranged, very handsome, and we need hardly say, is highly prized by its recipient. It is with more than ordinary pleasure that we speak of this present, witnessing, as we have during the past three or four years, the great and unflinching interest Mr. Rider has evinced in all that pertains to the well-being of the mutes throughout the State and throughout the Union.—Mexico Independent

Minor Topics.

Michigan pays its Governor only \$1,000 a year.

The Legislature of Kansas gives \$25,000 outright to the Centennial.

During November 216 ocean vessels were lost, including thirteen steamers, of which two were American.

The pecuniary value of the New York Times, on the basis of the price paid for the shares held by the Taylor estate, is \$1,500,000.

Some Californians who own 160,020 acres of land are enclosing it with a single fence 100 miles in length.

During the year 1876 the employees and apparatus of the National Lifeboat Association of Great Britain saved 725 lives and twenty-nine vessels.

A gentleman of Lynchburg, Va., owns a set of chessmen neatly molded in lead from bullets picked up on the battle-field near Appomattox Court-house.

There are 21,255 Baptist churches in the United States, with 13,417 ministers, and a total membership of 1,815,000.

Of the one hundred and seventeen women now studying at the Michigan University, four have chosen law, forty-seven medicine, and fifty-six literature and science.

In Germany, 1,520 out of every 10,000 of the population are under school instruction; in Great Britain, 1,400; in France, 1,160; in Belgium, 1,140; in Austria and Hungary, 840; and in Russia, 150.

It is proposed to secure protection to the game of the whole country by securing congressional legislation. The wholesale slaughter of deer, buffalo, prairie hen and other game threatens their entire extinction in a few years.

The Hon. J. Y. Swan, Centennial Commissioner for Indian curiosities of the northwest coast, has secured in Alaska a wooden column thirty feet long and four wide and thick, on which is carved a number of immense heads of Indians.

An English gentleman has offered \$25,000 to the London Missionary Society as the nucleus of a fund for establishing a mission on Lake Tanganyika, with its headquarters at Ujiji, where Stanley met with Livingstone.

Mr. John Muir says that there are sixty-five glaciers in the mountains of California. One of them he watched forty-seven days, and in that time it moved forty-six inches. Yosemite and other similar valleys were dug out by glaciers.

Hon. Mr. Willis, of New York, proposes to introduce a bill into Congress to abolish the office of Naval Officer of the Port of New York and also the office of Auditor. He says they are both relics of antiquity that can easily be dispensed with.

The report of the Rhode Island State Auditor shows that in population of about 250,000 there are 101,635 in depositors in savings banks. The asset in the savings banks are \$53,272,731, and were increased about three millions in 1874.

The Archbishop of Paris has received from the Archbishop of Beyrout 12 large planks of cedar cut from a tree on Mount Lebanon that had recently blown down. A few trees yet remain, supposed to be as old as the time when Solomon built the Temple.

Returns from the census of 1875 of twelve States, show an increase of 1,857,174 over the federal census of 1870. As at that time those twelve States contained one-third of the country it is estimated that the centennial figures for the United States will be about 44,000,000.

There are six colleges in the State of Tennessee; the State University at Knoxville; the Baptist University at Knoxville; the Cumberland University (Presbyterian) at Lebanon; the Southwestern Presbyterian University, formerly Stewart college, at Clarksville; the Southern College at Sewanee, supported by the Episcopal Church of the South; and Vanderbilt College, just established by the Methodists, with ample endowment, at Nashville.

Locke Richardson's Readings.

Unfavorable weather on Wednesday last compelled a postponement of Locke Richardson's Readings; but on Monday evening of this week a large audience greeted the Professor in the Presbyterian church. Mrs. A. M. Parker, whose musical performances always elicit warm admiration, presided at the organ and entertained the audience while waiting for the speaker. Prof. Richardson was introduced by Rev. J. P. Stratton, who also announced the next lecture of the course to be given by Dr. Hayes, Feb. 23.

We do not purpose attempting an extended review of Locke Richardson's entertainment when professional critics of the press have already indulged in so much favorable criticism of him and his readings. It is sufficient that he thoroughly delighted all who heard him.

His personal appearance and graceful bearing upon the platform are of themselves a pleasure. Of elocution he is a master—one of the few public readers who, having gained the attention of their hearers, retain it from beginning to end. We do not think him equally superior in every department of his art; but this is not to say that he is inferior in any. If in recitals of a purely pathetic nature he does not impress us quite so strongly as in those of a humorous or serio-comic character, it is because he excels in the latter in an unusual degree. Yet in "Christmas Carol" the transitions from grave to gay were so smooth and natural that his audience was equally ready to weep over the supposed death of "Tiny Tim"; or laugh at the Christmas party of Scrooge's nephew. The laughter and applause which greeted the description of "Blind man's bluff" suggested the harrowing thought that perhaps many of the audience were not strangers to the game which Topper played with the "plump squirrel."

The Christmas Carol occupied the first part of the programme; and this beautiful story lost none of its interest by Prof. Richardson's rendering. He has evidently made it a study, and his interpretation of its varied scenes is admirable: the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present and Future were portrayed in a manner that well becalmed thrilling. Few, we think, would dare attempt to condense such a story when written by the pen of a Dickens; but after bestowing extended labor and great pains upon it, Professor Richardson has accomplished the task successfully.

During the intermission between parts first and second Mrs. Parker rendered more of her fine selections, upon the organ, and her efforts were thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

Part second of the readings, consisted of "A Leap Year Wooing." "The story of a Scotchman" and an extract from Mark Twain's sketches: all of which were well recited and drew forth merited applause.

As a whole no more pleasing and enjoyable entertainment has been given here in a long time, and we are sure that a full house will greet Mr. Richardson if his presence here should be again secured.

Excited Discussions.

Wednesday of last week was a stormy day. Those of our merchants who were not invoicing, had but little to do as there were but few customers, in consequence of the severe cold and storm. A number of the villagers who had become tired of reading the almanac, etc., bundled up and went to some store, there to sit on counters or dracker and flour barrels and see which could tell the biggest yarn.

At one of these places of popular resort the following problem was proposed: A squirrel is on the body of a tree and cannot leave it although he can move around it; can a man pass round the tree and not go around the squirrel?

"This seemed so very simple that many scorned to give it even a thought, and a few said that of course he could go around the squirrel. Others declared that they didn't see how a person could go around a thing without passing it, and as the squirrel could keep on the opposite side of the tree from the man and so was continually ahead of him, the man could not pass it, and therefore could not go around it."

Again, it was argued that the man went around everything whether stationary or moving (so long as it did not go outside), in the circle he made, and as his circle was larger than the squirrel's, the latter was within his, and therefore he went around the squirrel. Then the assertion that it was impossible to go around a thing without passing it, was again brought forward, and the arguments were still continued, the disputants growing more and more excited the while. The discussion spread from store to store, and for several evenings afterwards it was kept up. Each party claiming that its answer was the only true solution, and that the arguments of the other were perfectly nonsensical. Thus the excitement caused by the active exertions of Oswego city's great centennial committee, one hundred strong, was completely eclipsed by an insignificant quadruped and one of the genus homo.

Courage! Don't despair when the doctor says your lungs are diseased. The worst cases given up as hopeless have been cured by HALE'S HONEY OF HONEY-HOUND AND TAR.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

The young chap who, the other Sunday evening, stood shivering on the steps of the church for half an hour, waiting to escort a young lady home, though his offer was politely refused, must not be discouraged; but remember the little ditty which says: "If you don't at first succeed, try, try again!"

Oswego County Bar.

COMPLIMENT TO JUDGE NOXON.

On the adjournment of the Oswego Circuit held by Hon. James Noxon, on February 2, 1876, a meeting of the Bar of the County was held at the Court House. The meeting was called to order by S. A. Webb, Esq., who stated its object.

On motion of Hon. Cyrus Whitney, Hon. J. C. Churchill was chosen Chairman.

C. W. Avery and W. H. Kenyon were elected Secretaries.

S. A. Webb, Esq., in a speech highly complimented the ability and the courtesy of Judge Noxon, moved that a committee of five be appointed by the Chair to draft resolutions expressive of the appreciation of the bar of him, and their gratification at the auspicious opening of his official term at this, his first Circuit. After further remarks of kindred nature by several gentlemen, the motion was carried unanimously.

The Chair appointed as such committee, Messrs. S. A. Webb, C. Whitney, J. J. Lamoree, W. W. Green and G. W. Bradner.

The committee reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we, members of the Bar of Oswego County, deem it due to the Honorable James Noxon, Presiding Justice at our late Circuit Court and Court of Oyer and Terminer to congratulate him upon his happy entry upon the duties of his office, and his able discharge of its trying and onerous functions, and we hereby make public recognition of the uniform courtesy, patience, impartiality and ability, which have characterized his official action during our Circuit.

Resolved, That we hereby tender Judge Noxon a cordial expression of our confidence, and our high estimation of his character as a citizen, lawyer and judge; also the assurance that we look forward with pleasure to our future intercourse with him in his official capacity.

Resolved, that these resolutions be published in the papers of the County, and that a copy of them be forwarded to the Hon. James Noxon by the Secretaries of this meeting.

Hon. J. B. Higgins moved, first: That it be declared the sense of the meeting, that a Bar Association be organized in this county; and second, that a committee be appointed by the Chair to report a plan of such organization at a future meeting to be held for that purpose. The motion prevailed.

The chair appointed as such committee, Messrs. J. B. Higgins, A. Perry, W. A. Poncher and W. H. Kenyon, of Oswego; S. C. Huntington, D. A. King, of Pulaski; S. N. Dada, of Fulton; C. W. Avery, of Phoenix; M. L. Wright, of Mexico, and H. L. Howe, of Sandy Creek.

On motion, the chairman of the meeting was added to the committee.

The committee on organization were instructed by vote to report at a meeting to be held at the Court House in Oswego, immediately after the first adjournment of the court at the Special Term to be there held on March 21st, 1876, to which time and place, the meeting then adjourned.

C. W. AVERY, } Secretaries.
W. H. KENYON, }

PARISH.

At this place there is no special news of importance.

Dr. Rulison has gone to Bath, opposite Albany, to practice medicine.

We have had two evenings' discussion on the question, Resolved, That man has no conscious existence between death and the resurrection, as proven by nature, reason and the Bible. To-night we are to have another upon the same question. The question creates considerable excitement.

We have had a few days of sleighing, but to-day the snow is fast passing away.

Hard times is the general complaint here. What is the cause is the great question for the people to decide.

Parish, Feb. 7, 1876.

Serious Accident.

A few days ago some persons were returning from a surprise party near Prattville. The sleigh was overturned, and Mrs. Elisha Gates received a severe fracture and dislocation of the elbow. Dr. Heaton was called, and he reduced the dislocation and adjusted the fracture. The Dr. had serious apprehensions of the case on account of its complications, but the prospects now are that she will speedily recover.

Men are like hyacinths. There are short-meter men; sharp, blunt and hasty. There long-meter men; slow, weighty, and dignified. There are halloo-jah-meter men; morcular fervent and inspiring. And there are eight-and-sevens men; gentle, genial and delightful. We may add that there are, also, some "peculiar meters."

A resolution introduced by Mr. Foster, has passed the Assembly calling upon the chairman of the Board of Supervisors of the several counties of the State to transmit to the Legislature at the earliest possible date a statement showing the amount of assessment on personal property on each corporation assessed in the county and the names of such corporations.

Chester Burleigh was accidentally killed, near Sand Bank, February 2, while engaged in cutting railroad ties in the woods. He was found lying upon the ground with his skull fractured. The exact manner of his death is not known. He was 28 years of age, and leaves a wife and one child.

BRIEFS.

—Wanted,
—Immediately,
—In this village,
—A number of women,
—And a goodly number of men,
—To attend to their own business.
—Wages paid by the Home Department.

—The philosopher's stone. Pay as you go.

—Valentine's Day is the 14th of February.

—They are naming the babies in Madison county "Centennial."

—Rev. M. Jones is to succeed Rev. E. D. Cross, (resigned) at Holmesville.

—The population of Oswego city is 22,455; and that of the county is 78,615.

—Miss Lillah Howard, of this village, left here on Tuesday to attend the Normal School, at Oswego.

—Miss Addie Webb left Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. A. J. Johnson, who resides near Chicago.

—We are glad to see that Mr. M. L. Wright has recovered sufficiently to be out again.

—Dr. Woodbury, of Fulton, has been elected a permanent member of the State Homoeopathic Medical Society.

—The September and October cheese of the Union factory in this village was sold a few days ago. Price, 13 cents per lb.

—Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, the Arctic Explorer, in the Methodist church, Wednesday evening February 23d, subject—"Iceland."

—Through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Sampson, of this town, we had two or three pretty good meals last week.

—It is related that there is a man in this county who has preserved a pair of trousers that his grandfather wore in 1776. He will wear them to the Centennial.

—John Brown shot a flying squirrel, the other day, and is going to have it stuffed by John A. Severance, who is a very painstaking and skillful taxidermist.

—Among the list of churches invited to the Council of Congregational churches at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, on the 15th inst., is the Congregational church at Pulaski.

—A new Methodist Church is to be built in the North-western portion of the town of Sandy Creek. The contract has been let to Mr. David Bennett of Pulaski for \$2,300.

—Hon. Wm. C. Pierrepont, of Pierrepont Manor, offers \$1,000 to St. James' Church, Pulaski, conditioned that \$900 be raised to complete the payment of the rectory recently purchased.

—Sandy Creek has the following heavy weights: Lorenzo Goodrich weighs 231 pounds, Hon. A. Wart 235, Mr. Josiah W. Clark 276, Mr. Fred W. Clark 295. Their aggregate weight is 1,037 pounds.

—It may not be generally known to all soldiers who served in the late war and were ruptured that a law in Congress gives each of them a truss, which they can obtain by applying to the local Board of Pension Examiners.

—The Pulaski Democrat says there is a project on foot to buy the Averill mansion in New Centerville and convert it into a water cure, there being several mineral springs in the vicinity.

—A dispatch from Middletown states that Henry M. Flint, general superintendent of the New York and Oswego Midland Railway, who was injured by an accident on that road last Wednesday, died last Sunday evening.

—The mechanics in the shops of the Oswego and Syracuse Railroad have been reduced to four hours a day's labor. They commence at eight o'clock and quit at twelve. The same is the case in the Delaware and Lackawanna shops all along the line.

—An exchange describes the following scene in a horse-car: "A candy boy passing through the car meets a cross old gentleman, and says, 'Pop corn! pop corn!' 'Hain't got any teeth,' angrily replies the old man. 'Gum drops! gum drops!' calls the smart boy."

—A writer in the Woman's Journal earnestly requests every woman "to make herself the owner of a good revolver, learn how to use it prudently but effectively, place it under her pillow at night, and carry it concealed in her pull-back during the day."

—The ladies of the Presbyterian church will give a Dime Social at the residence of Mr. H. H. Dobson, Friday evening of this week. All are cordially invited, and we hope that all come resolved, like Mark Tapley, to "be jolly to the last."

—It is with much regret we chronicle the resignation of Rev. W. L. Parker, Rector of Grace church. During his short stay among us he has, by his genuine and unaffected exemplification of the Christian gentleman in all the various relations of pastor and friend, won our highest regard, and his departure will be deeply regretted not only by the church with which he was connected, but by all of our community who have been so fortunate as to know him. His resignation takes effect the 1st of March, and we can only wish for him that his new home will be a pleasant one, and that his people regard him with the affection and reverence, which he has ever received from his charge here, and that his labors will be abundantly blessed.

Deaf-Mute Teachers.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—From your notice of my recent article in the *Annals*, and from hints that have come to me from other sources, I fear that my sentiments in regard to the employment of mute teachers in the instruction of the deaf and dumb are misapprehended. I should be sorry to have it supposed that I am, in any way, opposed to them as a class. I am not. I would be glad to encourage and aid them in every way possible. They have many obstacles to contend with, from which others are free, and those of them who have fought their way through all of these obstacles, to success, and have qualified themselves to teach, or to fill other positions of responsibility and usefulness, are worthy of all honor.

It is easy for those who can hear and speak to become expert in the use of their mother tongue. But it is not so for those who must learn all they know of verbal language through the eye alone, and to whom the English language is necessarily a foreign tongue. Indeed, the difficulty of acquiring a mastery of our language in this way, is so great that I wonder—not that so few—but that any attain to it. It does not indicate superior abilities for a hearing man to be able to use language with correctness and facility; but it requires a high order of intellect, much patient study, and indomitable perseverance for a deaf-mute to achieve success in this direction. Such qualities demand recognition.

It is of first importance, that all teachers of the deaf and dumb, whether mutes or speaking persons, should be familiar with the idioms of our language and be able to use it with naturalness and freedom; for this is just what they most need to teach their pupils. Too many of our pupils graduate without having attained to this—some because their term of instruction was too short; others for the want of sufficient individual tuition, which it was impossible for them to receive in the large classes in which they were taught; others for the lack of application on their own part, and others from various other causes. Many of them, however, are intelligent, active and well qualified for almost any other kind of business, but that of giving instruction in language. This is just the position for which they are less qualified than any other. It may be an act of kindness to such worthy pupils, to retain them as teachers after they have finished their course. Better employ them than incompetent speaking teachers. If they are well qualified, they ought to be retained, if they are needed. But if they are not qualified, this kindness to them is an injustice to their pupils, who need the best instructors that can be had, and injurious to the cause.

The time was when this profession commanded the best talent in the country, and teachers were employed who were capable of doing credit to any of the learned professions. But the tendency of the present time is to degrade the profession, by the payment of meager salaries, and the employment of cheap teachers, of whom nothing but routine work is expected, and who are incapable of doing anything else. It is quite natural that those who are unable to find employment in other spheres, and especially, that ambitious mutes, but imperfectly educated, to whom so many avenues of life are closed on account of their infirmity, should be willing to serve in this capacity for a pittance that would be spurned by others better qualified, whose services were in higher demand. It is to the employment of such teachers, whether they can hear and speak or are deaf and dumb, that I am opposed. They are dear at any price. Wherever this policy of economy in the employment of teachers prevails, the number of well educated mutes that are graduated will be very small indeed. It is not in consequence of any ill will toward such teachers, but because of a high regard for the wants of their pupils, that I urge the employment of the very best teachers that can be obtained.

I must confess that when the catalogue of teachers, as exhibited in the reports of some of our institutions, shows a large proportion of deaf-mute teachers there is reason to suspect that the best interests of the cause have not been considered in the selection of all of them. It may be, however, that they are just the men and women for the place. If so, surely, I would be the last man to object. Indeed, other things being equal, they ought to be preferred to those who can hear and speak. And yet it should be remembered that every institution should have a certain proportion of hearing and speaking teachers, more or less as the case may be, for the training of its semi-mutes in articulation if for no other purpose. But for the purpose of instruction in other branches, no one surely ought to object to a deaf-mute teacher simply because he is a deaf-mute. I never heard of any objection to Mr. Clero on this ground, nor to Mr. Burnett, nor to many others now in active service in the institutions of this country, whose names it would be invidious to mention, nor last, but not least, to the able gentlemen on the editorial staff of *THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*.

Respectfully yours,
J. H. PETTINGILL.
New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, January 31st, 1876.

New York Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

Here in south-eastern New York, the last week of the old year was a dreary and rainy one, with very rare glimpses of sunshine. Even Christmas day was dismal and gloomy. All day the raindrops fell, but notwithstanding this, there were gladness and joy in many homes and hearts, as it was the day which commemorated the birth of the meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth. As the week drew toward its close the sky cleared up,

and the new year was ushered in with bright sunshine and a clear sky, although the walks were none of the best for pedestrians.

Your correspondent attended the afternoon service at St. Ann's Church, on Tuesday, the 2d inst. It being the first Sabbath of the new year, there was quite a congregation of deaf-mutes. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet preached his New Year's sermon in his usual graceful and impressive way. This day was very warm for mid-winter.

Nature has been as frugal here with her snow as she has been everywhere else. The boys and girls at the institution here, no doubt, have lost many a much-longed-for slide down hill on their sleds. However, we hope their great wish may be granted before the genial, spring days come again.

Please allow me to correct a slight mistake which accidentally got into my last letter—Mr. W. G. Harrison was removed to Bellevue Hospital instead of Roosevelt Hospital as I had it. I have since learned from Mrs. Harrison that he had nineteen cuts, but is now much better. She is a very intelligent semi-mute young lady and a graduate of the National Deaf-mute College.

There was a lecture at Steinway Hall, on the evening of the 10th inst., the proceeds of which were for some charitable purpose in connection with the Church Mission to Deaf-mutes. I hope the sum realized was large.

A small party of deaf-mutes gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rush on New Year's night, and from what I have heard, I am sure they had a very social and pleasant time. Mr. and Mrs. Rush have as nice and plump a three-year-old boy as one could wish to see. Our above-named friends are both graduates of the New York Institution. Mr. R. is quite a good artist and caricaturist, and is also remarkably intelligent for a deaf-mute.

Perhaps it may not be out of place for a lady correspondent to express her opinion here on a subject lately discussed by some of the members of the Manhattan Literary Association—"Which was the greatest man, Napoleon I. or Duke of Wellington?" I think Napoleon was the greatest man, although he was defeated by a Russian, Czar and English Duke. I mean that he was the greatest man so far as military skill and tactics are concerned. In our town I might ask, Which was the greatest hero, Alexander, of Greece, or the first Napoleon?

Of the deaf-mute ladies in the city who received calls on New Year's day, Mrs. Fred. A. Stratton had a large number both on Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. M. E. Totten has come East again, and is stopping at Keyport, N. J. Business relating to money affairs called her back.

L. A. W.
Clifton, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1876.

Celebration of the Second Anniversary of the Chicago Deaf-mute Society.

(From our own Correspondent.)

If getting up parties, is any proof of intelligence, and energy, the mutes of Chicago, should hereafter be marked number one.

Certain it is they do get up nice parties and plenty of them, too. The last, and in truth the best one ever yet given, was held Tuesday evening, Jan. 18th—that date being the second anniversary of the organization of the society. Some two weeks in advance of the party, the society, at its Wednesday evening session, appointed Miss Carrie Hathway, Mr. E. D. King, and Mr. J. K. Watson, a committee to superintend the arrangements for the occasion, and the gentlemen members, by equal contributions, provided them with means to work with, the young ladies for their part promising to attend to the cake; the result of these united efforts was an entertainment several degrees in advance of all previously held and entirely creditable to all interested.

The hopes of fair weather for the important day were dampened by a fall of rain during the previous night, and kept thoroughly damp through the whole day by a literal pouring down of water from the lowering clouds, but nothing daunted, the preparations were kept progressing till all was completed.

When the time for assembling drew near the young gentlemen went for the ladies, who bravely donning waterproofs in lieu of beavers and velvets, wended their way round mud-puddles, and tipped over frightfully soft crossings to the friendly street cars, which, for the moderate fare of five cents, waited to set them down safe and sound in front, or within a block or two of the room which serves the triple purpose of office, church, and banquet hall.

But the discomfort of getting to the cars was all forgotten the moment they entered the brilliantly lighted, and handsomely decorated room. Very agreeable was the contrast between the brightness that met the eyes whither they way turned, and the cloud covered sky, and wet streets without.

Heavy festoons of evergreens, pictures and mottoes graced the walls, while long lines of the evergreens tastefully put together extended from side to side and ornamented the gas fixtures, presenting a scene of freshness more quickly imagined than described. Over the speakers' platform, in graceful letters, were arranged the words, "SECOND ANNIVERSARY, JAN. 18TH, 1876."

On the south wall opposite the door of entrance hung, in a handsome frame, a copy of Professor P. A. Emery's Chart, "The Order of Creation." Over this frame were the words "THE CHICAGO DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY, ORGANIZED, JAN. 18TH, 1874." Over the marble mantle, on the east wall hung a picture of a hand held in the position representing A. Above this picture was suspended a small cross made of evergreen, and below it the words, "THE LIGHT TO OUR FEET."

About eight o'clock the newly elected president, Mr. Gustavus A. Christenson,

called the assembly to order. When all was quiet Mr. E. P. Holmes ascended the platform and offered an appropriate prayer, after which Professor Emery, who had been appointed orator of the day, was called forward, and talked for some thirty minutes on the subject of Success. He began his remarks with the question, "What is success?" answering, "The triumphs of love, perseverance and patience."

He then considered numerically the principal elements of success, claiming that the first element of success was love of trade, occupation, adventure, or of money. That the second was perseverance in pursuit of the same, and the third patience. While treating of the latter element he said, "Nature reveals little or nothing to the impatient but everything to the patient."

If this latter idea could be made clear to all the young mutes now at school, and be firmly fastened in their minds, the result would, in all probability, be a higher grade of intelligence than has heretofore gone forth from our institutions.

From considering the principal elements of success he went on to show who are the successful, and what objects are most worthy of success, giving as an answer to the latter question, "Religion or love of God and our neighbor, and education for a high and good purpose."

His address throughout was received with close attention, and was pronounced excellent by several qualified to judge.

At the conclusion of his remarks the writer was called forward and rendered in signs, a poem composed for the occasion, which at the earnest request of the orator and several of the officers, is herewith submitted:

THE SEED, THE BRANCH, THE TREE,
Or the origin, growth and probable future of the Chicago Deaf-mute Society.
By some unseen, some subtle power,
A seed was sown, which day and night
Swelled, till in a propitious hour,
It burst, and threw into the light
A shoot,—a twig, so very frail,
So tender, that it seemed a breath,
Or look, or touch, that might assail,
Would check its growth, or cause its death.

But guarded with most jealous care,
And smiled upon by God and men;
It grew each hour, more strong and fair,
And challenged praise from tongue and pen.
Deeper its tender roots went,
Higher its branches rose each day;
Till strength and symmetry were blent,
And fear of blight had passed away.

Behold that twig a tree to-day,
A thing of grace, a source of joy;
A star to many as they stray,
Seeking some good without alloy.
A beacon, shining bright and clear,
When skies are dark, and clouds hang low;
A haven into which to steer,
When storms of trouble wildly blow;

A home where weary souls are sure
Of finding rest from toil and care;
A temple into which the poor,
May freely go for praise and prayer,
And learn, beyond all doubt the while,
That God, who guards each well-sown seed,
Cares for them, too, and deigns to smile,
And help them in each time of need.

And still that tree shall thrive and grow,
To gladden hearts in days to come;
Life's thorny path with flowers to strew,
And wreath with smiles, lips ever dumb.
Still it shall be an altar fire,
Hallowed by many a solemn vow;
To do, to be, to trust, and bear,
Till death shall seal each heart and brow.

After the rendering of this poem, Mrs. M. A. Emory, the recently elected secretary, took the platform and gave in signs a letter written by Mrs. J. M. Raffington, the former President, now residing at Detroit, Michigan. A verbatim copy of that letter having appeared in the *JOURNAL* of Jan. 20th, we forbear repeating it here.

At the conclusion of the reading of the letter, the writer of this article was again called forward, and said, as plainly as her limited knowledge of signs would permit—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—With pleasure that I cannot fully express I find myself among you this evening for the purpose of celebrating the second anniversary of the organization of your society.

If you will consult the columns of the *Deaf-Mute Advance* of January 8th, 1872, you will find that as far back as the fall of 1871, I favored the organization of a society or union of some kind in this city, which would promote your spiritual and social advancement.

When I first learned of the starting of this society I was greatly pleased and interested and determined to aid it all my limited means and strength would permit. Looking over the society's history for the past two years, its most devoted friends even must acknowledge that mistakes have been made, but careful consideration will convince all candid minds that those mistakes were incidental to its experimental period—were the results, not of studied wrong, but of inexperience and misunderstanding, and each one may be used as a stepping-stone to greater perfection in the future.

Glancing again at the society's history, we see thickly interspersed with the record of facts, golden lines which prove most emphatically that God's smile and blessing have attended you from the first day of your assembling up to the present hour, and will hereafter if unity be made the governing principle; if every officer will try to be faithful in the discharge of official duties, every member a faithful one, always bearing in mind that the object of the society is not pastime, nor the honoring of a few favored individuals, but the spiritual, the mental and the moral improvement and general benefitting of all mutes who can be gathered into its protecting fold, then in the future, as in the past, God's smile and blessing will continue to attend you, and the angels of peace and prosperity will ever hover near you with outstretched wings.

The literary part of the evening's program was then declared in the sign

phrase "done," and part second, which consisted in pantomime plays and was opened by "Sneaks the Poet," who in grotesque costume, and with much elaborate flourishing said:

"We are bound to be jolly wherever we go,
And causes of pleasure and merriment strew;
We are bound to chase trouble, and sorrow, and care,
Back, back to their regions of gloom and despair,
And peace to you all, that it pays to keep bright,
Though drear be the day, and though dark be the night,
Then laugh all you please at our comical way,
For we're bound to be jolly, be jolly and gay."

The characters in scene second, were Uncle Jake, Little Billy Whatsen and a ghost. In scene third, Uncle Jake played, "Listen for footsteps in the land," upon a banjo. Scene fourth, "Stamp speech by Uncle Jake, Billy Whatsen and the ghost." Scene fifth, "Spree by Jake." Scene sixth, Jake is carried out on a bier; Billy Whatsen, as a pert, droll-looking little chap, then came in and rattled off the following as a farewell address:

"O, say good friends, did you ever see,
A chap more jolly, or droll than me,
I play the parson, and play the clown,
I laugh, and cry, and I smile, and frown,
I hug the matron and kiss the maid,
I tease the men 'till they're half afraid,
And I surely think you will never see
A chap more jolly, more droll than me."

Part third was then announced. This was the banquet, and we are positive that if all the mute bachelors scattered over the land, could have peeped in upon the loaded tables and have seen the many varieties of cake, which like heaps of hoar frost or leaves of snow rested between the piles of oranges and confectionery, and a little later when some cunningly wielded knife had arranged them in generous slices, could have tasted their excellence, they would each have gone away secretly wishing the beautiful bakers would improve the leap year privilege and assume the responsibility of baking their own individual cakes; or, if not that, vowing that they would be more gallant and generally agreeable until they had found such favor with some one of them as would insure them against any further infliction of boarding-house fare with which they are now persecuted.

As usual on such occasions, Prof. Emery invoked the blessing, and while the feasting progressed, pleasant remarks were made and toasts offered. Mr. N. D. Barnum referred to the time when he was the only mute in the city, and probably in the county also, and told how one had come from New York and another from Hartford, Mr. Wm. Mills, of Wheaton, probably being the former, and Mr. John L. Gage, of Winetka, the latter. How every year the number had increased until now he found himself in the midst of an intelligent and happy company, and as happy as the happiest. His remarks were received with warm applause. He, his wife and little daughter Cora are favorites among all their mute acquaintances.

After he had concluded Prof. E., who is always ready to get up some pleasant or raise a laugh, noticing that a lady near him had declined both tea and coffee and was regaling herself with water, took her glass away, and after filling it with milk, returned it saying, "An emblem of my friendship." Sipping the rich fluid, she answered, "Thank you; it is very pure."

The night was waning into the small hours when the company left the table to test the digestive virtues of dancing and games. Wednesday morning dawned ere they were ready to seek their homes, tired, indeed, but entirely satisfied that the occasion throughout had been very pleasant, and, doubtless, in their hearts echoing the sentiments of the toast inadvertently omitted at the banquet—"The Chicago Deaf-mute Society: As our country this year celebrates the centennial of its independence, and as we have happily celebrated the second anniversary of our organization, so may our descendants celebrate the centennial of this society in prosperity."

ANNE A. FULLER.
Chicago, Jan. 25th, 1876.

Hartford Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HARTFORD, Jan. 25, 1876.

MR. EDITOR:—As the Centennial year enters upon the threshold, the 76th birthday of Rev. W. W. Turner arrives. He is still hale and hearty. It will be remembered that Mr. T. spent forty-seven years in teaching, and was for eleven years principal of the American Asylum for Deaf-mutes here. Since his retirement he has paid considerable attention to the welfare of deaf-mutes in general. Love prompts him to still keep a record of all the deaf-mutes in New England, both graduates and pupils, which gives the time of birth, cause of deafness, time of entering school, and of graduating, what occupation, whether married or single. Truly he is the deaf-mute's friend.

New Year's day passed off quietly, with only a reunion of the pupils. Two weeks from the beginning of the present month we had an examination of classes, when all the teachers had an opportunity to be present and witness the progress (little or much) of each class, and gain an insight into the working of each teacher.

Cheering news comes from the "City of Brotherly Love." Mr. H. W. Style was presented on the 27th ult. with a tender sapling, which I hope will flourish and cheer the family circle. It is nearer the Centennial epoch than Mr. Holmes' little stranger was reported to be. Accept the congratulations of your friends, brother Style.

Mr. A. S. Clark, one of our corps of instructors, and a skillful teacher in articulation, is confined to his house with numbness of the limbs on one side, tending, I fear, to paralysis.

Recently, a boy from Mr. Whipple's school, in Mystic, Conn., was brought to

our school. His parents were not satisfied with the progress he was making. He can only write a string of sentences like many of our congenitals.

Mrs. Laurent Clero is soon expected here on a visit. She survives her husband, who is in sweet repose in one of our cemeteries. Peace to his soul. His name should be engraved on the door of every institution for the instruction of deaf-mutes where signs are taught in connection with written language.

One of our deaf-mute graduates is being cared for in the city hospital. She is in great need of being admitted to the National Home, as her health is impaired and her limbs refuse action. Now comes the cry for a Home in which to pass the few remaining days. May the friends of deaf-mutes realize the importance of such a Home, and extend a helping hand.

How sad it is that some of Boston's intelligent deaf-mutes have injured the cause which we are aiming at, by swindling under the guise of *polite begging*! The public in general have lost confidence in deaf-mute societies or associations, and will not, therefore, encourage their agents.

Early on the 17th inst., one of our pupils, named Simpson, disappeared, and his whereabouts was not known until recently. He took to his heels on the very day the examination of classes began, but had gone only as far as Amboy, from which place he was brought back. His only excuse for being a truant was that some deaf-mutes teased him, and, like a child, he attempted to run to his mamma. I hope this will tend to stop all truancy.

Mr. Isaac Hine, one of the old pupils of the American Asylum, called on us the other day. He came from Waterbury, on an errand, and stepped in to see his *alma mater*. From him your correspondent learns that the deaf-mutes in Waterbury are doing well. Mr. Hine is a shoemaker, and is in business for himself. He says he has plenty of customers to keep him busy. I hope he has laid up something for a rainy day, which many deaf-mutes, as well as hearing persons, neglect to do.

OLD HICKORY.

A Few Cracked Nuts.

Of course nobody is going to assert that, unlike other things—"phenomena" if you choose—deaf-mutes or "defectives" (we like to please everybody and to quote them too) are wanting in the merry side of life. As long as deafness and deaf-mutes are actual facts, just so long will the laugh be seen, if not heard, in the land. Who has not read, with a strange twisting of buttons, Hood's *Tale of a Trumpet*:

She was deaf as a post as I said before,
And deaf as twenty similes more.

Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at B'nyan Bay.

There are some of the lines; but by no means the best. In these days of Danbury News men, Free Press men, Mark Twain's and the whole rank and file of humorists wise and otherwise, deaf men and their next of kin, the hard-of-hearing men, are pretty well advertised. Its easy to suppose a case, and write up a yarn that will humor for the moment.

One would think that it is misfortune enough to be a "defective" but when the very infirmity is questioned, insinuations of "playing deaf" freely thrown out, and no small amount of inconvenience occasioned, what is a poor mortal to do? "Think swear," as a celebrated divine puts it, he would certainly be excusable for so doing.

You have heard of the little joke got up by the occupants of a New York omnibus, some eight in number, all being familiar with the manual alphabet, though not one of the company was deaf. Passengers coming in were amused at the manner of communication, and one sport wanted to bet it was all a sham, which bet, by the way, was immediately taken up and is yet we suppose undecided, for none of the party enlightened either before he got out.

It was a droll position a visitor at one of our institutions found himself in, while standing beside a heap of potatoes and discoursing on their smallness in his usual tones, forgetting that the crowd around him was deaf and dumb. If he had remembered and stopped in time, it might have been well; but a group of hearing gentlemen were not very far off—and well, he has not got over the joke yet.

A young lady, gifted with all her senses and an adept in the sign language happened to visit Hartford one day and was introduced to Prof. B., a hearing instructor. Each supposed the other was deaf, and had a lively little chat in signs before some remark of the lady's led the professor to inquire if she *was* deaf, after which they resumed the conversation in the language nature meant they should.

The same lady once met good Bishop P., who supposing her to be a mute, brushed up his manual alphabet and began a conversation—

"I am not deaf," protested the lady, who did not like his lagging fingers.

But the Bishop is hard of hearing; he saw her lips move, but took her for a semi-mute and kept right on in the way he thought he should go. It was some time before he comprehended things.

The excellent joke of Mr. Wm. Martin Chamberlain in the Deaf-mute Festival recently held in Mexico, certainly deserves to go on record. Just before the band struck up, Mr. C. went to the leader and suggested that inasmuch as there was a goodly number of deaf-mutes present, the band ought to play twice as loud as usual. Logical, of course, and each player being duly warned, such music and such a clatter from a brass band, we venture to say, never before fell upon the ears of a bewildered hearing-public.

To wind up, what shall we say of the man who brought two strangers, aunts of his, together with the previous infor-

mation that each was hard of hearing; and while they yelled and shouted at each other in one room, he lay on a sofa in another and well nigh perished with laughter? KOUFONETI.

Letter from Mr. A. W. Mann.

WISCONSIN INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, DELLEVAN, Wisconsin, Feb. 4th, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I find myself here for a short visit after having had two services in Chicago, last Sunday. The first was held in the afternoon, at the chapel of St. James' Church, corner of Cass and Huron streets; the second in the room of the Deaf-mute Society, No. 89 East Madison street, Room No. 10.

The society is in a flourishing condition. Meetings are held at appointed times on week day evenings, for social enjoyment and lectures. On Monday afternoons, except when a service is appointed at the church, services are held by Prof. Emery or some one else.

The day school under the charge of Prof. Emery is doing well. The writer recently visited it and saw plain evidences of progress in the different studies.

Before I went to Chicago the last time I had two services at the chapel of St. Paul's Church, Jackson, Mich., in the afternoon and evening, both of which were well attended.

I shall leave here for Milwaukee to-morrow, where I hope to have services. On my way East I shall stop for one day in Chicago and deliver a lecture before the society; and then leave for Jackson for the same purpose.

The Institution here is in a flourishing condition under the management of Principal De Motte. The pupils at present number 146, with eight teachers.

My appointments (D. V.) will be as follows:
Pontiac, Mich. Feb. 13.
Flint, " " 20.
Detroit, " " 27.
Cleveland, Ohio March 5.

Yours sincerely,
A. W. MANN.

Suicide in Hastings.

CENTRAL SQUARE, Feb. 4.—Mr. A. Calley, living near Hastings Center in this town, committed suicide this morning, by cutting his throat with a razor. No reason can be assigned for this except that he must have been laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, of which he has shown symptoms during the past summer. Mr. Calley had a good home and was a respected member of society. He was a former resident of Onondaga county. He had many friends and relatives in both Onondaga and Oswego counties.—*Cor. Syracuse Standard.*

We are glad to see signs of prosperity on the part of our brethren even though our individual purse has attained a water-like thickness. We notice that Bro. Humphries, of Mexico, owns a nice horse and rides in the best cutter that town can afford. And we are glad of it. For the past fourteen years or thereabouts he has labored early and late, save when on a journey to Europe or California, or the sunny South, and he deserves just such a "turn-out" as he possesses.—But then that doesn't take our family out airing.—*Pulaski Democrat.*

[Thank you, friend Muzzy, for noticing our "turn-out" and its owner so handsomely. Come over, and bring your "better half" and all the babies, and we will give you a nice ride; after which you shall be welcome to the very best our larger can afford. And if any of our editorial brethren want a ride and a good "square meal," let them not be backward in coming forward].

For some time past the conviction has been gaining in the minds of the people that Fulton has a mine of wealth at her door in her Stone Quarries if they could be conducted by responsible parties and experienced helpers. We learn that there is a project on foot among some of our wealthy citizens to thoroughly investigate the question, and put into this business whatever capital or brains it may require, should the result of their investigation prove satisfactory; in that case a company will be formed and a large force of men put at work. We learn that Mr. Willard Johnson is at present in New York on this business.—*Fulton Patriot.*

"Young ladies have the privilege of saying anything they please during leap year," she said, eyeing him out of the corner of her eyes with a sweet look. His heart gave a great bound, and, while he wondered if she was going to ask the question which he had so long desired and feared to do, he answered, "Yes." "And the young men must not refuse," said she. "No, no! How could they?" sighed he. "Well, then," said she, "will you—" He fell on his knees and said: "Anything you ask, darling." "Wait till I get through." Will you take a walk, and not hang around our house so much?" And he walked.—*Ez.*

Seven hot-blooded and willful boys in the Senior Department of the High School, who have been brooding over a mutiny for some time, seized upon a fancied wrong to one of their number last Monday morning, and broke out in open rebellion against the Prof., refusing to attend to the rhetorical exercises, or to be feruled for their obstinacy. Bull-like, they insisted on going to such classes as they pleased, and in behaving themselves ungentlemanly in many ways. There was some scuffling done, and the Prof. was thrown to the floor. In the afternoon the school settled down to its usual quiet. We learn that all the mutineers were in their places the next morning, with the best of promises for good behavior in the number.—*Sandy Creek News.*

News of the Week.

In the gale, Wednesday last, a five-year-old son of Adam Geckle, of Bloomfield, N. J., was blown in the canal and drowned.

Amherst will not send a crew to Saratoga, but spend its money on base ball.

Measures are on foot for the incorporation of Lauenburg, Denmark, with Prussia.

Deak, the Hungarian statesman, was buried at Pesth, Thursday.

James M. Parton, a notorious character of Carthage, Mo., was shot and killed from an ambush, Thursday.

At St. John, New Brunswick, Thursday John O'Neal killed his mother-in-law and fatally stabbed his father-in-law because they persuaded their daughter to leave him.

Eddie White, son of a Bowdoin professor, was killed by the cars, Saturday, while coasting across the track.

The jury in the case of Landis, for the murder of Carruth, brought in a verdict of not guilty, on the ground of insanity.

The counsel of McKee, convicted of whisky frauds in St. Louis, files a motion for a new trial.

Stokes has made another effort to be released from prison, before Judge Dykman, of White Plains, but failed.

The State printing has been awarded to the Troy Press establishment.

The light ship off Stratford Shoal, Conn., is lost and five men on board.

One hundred persons have been poisoned at Egleby, England, with impure milk; some of the cases are serious.

Henry C. Bowen in a letter to the Examining Committee of Plymouth Church charged Mr. Beecher with adultery and perjury. He said Mr. Beecher had dishonored several homes, but refused to give his sources of information.

GOVERNOR TILDEN declines to interfere further in the case of LINDSAY, the Baldwinville murderer. The sentence of death therefore will be imposed within the enclosure of the Onondaga penitentiary at Syracuse, next Friday.

Eleven persons were trampled to death and many injured in a stampede caused by a false alarm of fire in Robinson's Opera House, at Cincinnati, Friday.

The

Earthly Sorrow.

The following lines were composed by Amari E. Pratt, of Gilbert's Mills, Oswego County, aged 14 years:

I have told the winds my sorrows,
I have told them o'er and o'er,
But they never stop to listen to me,
Or to kiss me any more,
I have made the moon acquainted
With all my gloomy fears,
But still she stays among the stars,
And leaves me lonely here.

I ask the birds to mourn with me,
That ever I was born,
They heed me not, they fly away,
In the bright ethereal morn.

I have told the little flowers,
Of all my bitter woe;
They look as pure as summer showers,
My grief they cannot know.

I watch the children at their play,
In all their childish glee,
O can I never more turn back,
Is there no joy for me?

Has earth such bitter cups,
This life such dregs of woe;
And shall I never more be gay?
In sorrow must I go?

I'll rise and go about my task,
With cheerful heart and stronger ties,
And fill life's possibilities,
With the strength that in me lies.

Success in Labor.

Mr. George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, is one of the most successful newspaper publishers in the land. He is the friend of the laboring man, and practices himself the precepts which his paper advocates. The following editorial from a recent issue characterizes the man—the publisher.

"There is nothing more essential to prosperity than the establishment in the popular mind of the intimate connection between efficient labor and true success. In one sense they are synonymous. Success consists not so much of the reward a man reaps from labor as the value of the labor itself. He who, by honest work of hand or head, is constantly enriching the world, is intrinsically the successful man, whether riches or poverty fall to his lot; while he who amasses millions by speculation or fraud, leaving none to bless his memory when he is gone, has made his life a disastrous failure. We trust the time may arrive when this shall be the common acceptance of the word success, but at present it is not so. We usually measure it by what is gained—not by what is given; by the reward which labor brings—not by the intrinsic value of the labor itself. Even by this gauge, however, the connection is closely preserved. Eventually each one's personal welfare is strictly dependent upon his value to others. There may seem to be exceptions to this. Idleness and unfaithfulness may occasionally appear to reap the fruit that belongs of right only to honorable industry; but in the long run it is not so. The cheat is discovered, character is sifted, and justice is indemnified for her dishonored claims. Faithful, patient labor, of some sort that benefits mankind, is the only road to personal prosperity, and the success that seems to follow quicker and easier methods is short-lived and illusory.

"Few, however, believe this in their hearts. To many, work is only a disagreeable necessity, to be taken like medicine, in as small quantities as possible and dispensed with as soon as may be. They do not love it for its own sake, they do not care for its importance to mankind or its reflex influence on their own characters. They do not specially desire to attain excellence in it, and they only put enough energy into its performance to accomplish immediate and necessary results. Their hearts are not in it; they are ever looking beyond and over it to find objects of interest. Other things excite, stimulate and inspire them; their work alone is dull and irksome. Labor thus performed can never be of superior quality, can never greatly add to the happiness or progress of mankind, can never bloom into true success. It has no soul to animate, no hope to inspire, no vital power to develop it. A life spent thus, in unwilling and compelled labor, in which the heart has no place, is surely one of the saddest of failures. There are others again who fail in their life work because they are ashamed of it and think it beneath them. They blame fortune or circumstances for having condemned them to a toil which they conceive degrading. If their lot had been cast differently, they think they might have made some mark in the world; if their work had been of a higher grade, they could have pursued it with energy and zeal; as it is, they only follow it from necessity and with no more assiduity than they are compelled to exert. Such persons make a fatal mistake. It is in them, and not in their work, that the fault lies. For if they do not perform what is committed to them with fidelity and zeal, how can they be fitted for a higher post? Besides, this separation of work into ranks and grades is altogether artificial and unauthorized. Who can decide which labor is higher or lower than another, which is of more or less value to mankind? It is not the kind of work, but the manner in which it is done, that determines its value. The faithful day's work, in the field, the shop, or the forge, is far more honorable, useful and elevating than that of the scheming politician or the flushed and eager speculator, who counts his votes or his gains by the thousands, but whose labors add nothing to the prosperity, happiness, or virtue of the community.

"It is certainly important for each one to find his own appointed work in the world, that which he loves best, and can do best, as far as practical; but it is folly to sit down supinely and give way to despair and lethargy because he imagines he ought to occupy a more prominent or important post. Nine tenths of the changes made under this delusion

prove to be for the worse instead of the better. The character and capacity that fail of success in one case fail yet more signally in the other. Froude well says: 'You cannot dream yourself into a character—you must hammer and forge yourself one'; and it is only by laying hold earnestly and vigorously of the work that lies nearest to us, and raising its value by putting into it all the vigor and energy, all the patience and fidelity, all the thought and ability we can command, that we have any right to expect success in any of its meanings."

A True Story.

A soldier one day called at the shop of a hairdresser, who was busy with his customers, and asked for relief, stating that he had stayed beyond his leave of absence, and unless he could get a lift on the coach, fatigue and severe punishment awaited him. The hairdresser listened to his story respectfully, and gave him a guinea. "God bless you, sir," exclaimed the soldier, astonished at the amount, "how can I repay you? I have nothing in the world but this," (pulling out a dirty piece of paper from his pocket): "it is a receipt for making blacking; it is the best that ever was seen; many a half guinea I have had for it from the officers, and many bottles I have sold. May you be able to get something for it to repay you for your kindness to a poor soldier." Oddly enough, that dirty piece of paper proved half a million of money to the hairdresser. It was no less than the recipe for the famous Day and Martin's blacking, the hairdresser being the late wealthy Mr. Day, whose manufactory is one of the sights of London.

Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in our advanced age; and, if we do not plant it while young, will give us no shade when we grow old.

The Chinese in this country are already outgrowing their superstitions. The body of one who died recently in North Adams, Mass., was not sent home for burial.

"Any letters for Mike Howe" asked an individual at a post office window. "No letters here for anybody's cow."

Grains of Gold.

Rage is mental imbecility. Silence is the fittest reply to folly. Diligence is a fair fortune, and industry a good estate.

Laziness begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. Learning passes for wisdom among those who want both.

Sweetness is no protection against injustice; even sugar can be crushed.

Make the truth very disagreeable, and there will be found plenty of men ready to tell it.

Idleness is the dead sea that swallows up all virtues, and is the self-made sepulchre of living men.

You can not prove a thing to be good or beautiful to a man who has no idea of its excellence.

Nations can better win success by noble deeds than by the cruel destruction of human life for selfish aims.

The blush of modesty is Nature's alarm at the approach of sin, and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

The habit of always being employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know all. But let all you tell be the truth.

One of the most fatal temptations to the weak is a slight deviation from the exact truth, for the sake of apparent good.

The violet grows low and covers itself with its own tears, and of all flowers yields the sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

If we waited until it was perfectly convenient, half of the good actions of life would never be accomplished.

To which is appended a brief Biography and the Physiological Character of the Author. Chart and Manual printed on the best of material. Price of Chart, beautifully colored, with Manual, neatly bound, \$3.00. Chart and Manual, plain, \$1.00. Mailed free on receipt of price. Address Mrs. Prof. F. A. Emery, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

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His biographer (Dr. Woodworth, Prof. in the Am. University of Philadelphia) says: "These charts, with his books, are really remarkable productions, especially so for a self-educated man; and he is a real martyr, almost killed by the world and cut off from its numerous advantages; shut up, so to speak, within himself, and thrown entirely upon his own resources. His charts are not only beautiful, but they are unequalled by anything of the kind ever attempted by anyone."

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